

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded, Weekly, and in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 185.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1822.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Werner, a Tragedy. By Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 188. London, 1823.

LORD BYRON, like the author of 'Waverley,' writes with so much rapidity, that no sooner have the public read and passed their opinions on one of their productions, than a new one is ushered forth and submitted to the same ordeal. There is strong reason to believe that both authors write too much for their reputation, and that the eagerness for money in the one, and the restlessness of the other, which nothing but writing will allay, make them draw rather too freely on their mental resources, and give to the public less mature productions than a due respect for their reputation would warrant.

The tragedy of 'Werner,' (for Lord Byron is determined to write tragedies, in spite of his want of success,) is taken entirely from Miss Lee's story of Kruitzner, published many years ago in the 'Canterbury Tales.' His Lordship, in his preface, says that he just read this tale when about fourteen, and that it made a deep impression upon him; and that, so far back as 1815, he began a drama on it, and had nearly completed an act; this act, however, remains among his papers in England, and he has therefore re-written the first, and added the subsequent acts, adopting the characters, plan, and even the language of many parts of the story. Some of the characters are modified or altered, a few of the names changed, and one character, that of Ida of Strahlenheim, added.

The scene of the tragedy, which is in five acts, is laid partly on the frontier of Silesia, and partly in Siegen-dorf Castle, near Prague: the time is the close of the thirty years' war. The scene opens in the hall of a decayed palace, with a dialogue between Werner and Josephine, his wife, in which the former expresses the irritated state of his mind, and is exhorted to be happy and contented, since his situation is comparative bliss to that of thousands.

It is a domestic scene of great interest, in which the struggle of the husband to conceal, and of the wife to soothe his miseries, are finely portrayed. Werner regrets his early follies, which bereaved him of a parent's affection, less on his own account than for his wife, who shares his misfortunes, and for his child Ulric, who had been left with his grandsire; but what was now become of him was unknown. We select a few striking passages from this scene:—

Josephine. To see thee well is much—
To see thee happy—

Werner. Where hast thou seen such?
Let me be wretched with the rest!

Jos. But think
How many in this hour of tempest shiver
Beneath the biting wind and heavy rain,
Whose every drop bows them down nearer earth,
Which hath no chamber for them, save beneath
Her surface.

Wer. And that's not the worst: who cares
For chambers? rest is all. The wretches whom
Thou namest—ay, the wind howls round them,
and

The dull and dropping rain saps in their bones
The creeping marrow. I have been a soldier,
A hunter, and a traveller, and am
A beggar, and should know the thing thou
talk'st of.

Jos. And art thou not now shelter'd from them
all?

Wer. Yes. And from these alone.

Jos. And that is something.

Wer. True—to a peasant.

Jos. Should the nobly born
Be thankless for that refuge which their habits
Of early delicacy render more
Needful than to the peasant, when the ebb
Of fortune leaves them on the shoals of life?

Werner expresses his fears that Strahlenheim, who has long pursued him, may discover his retreat. The thoughts of his high birth as the son of a long line, contrasted with his present situation, which he describes to be that of a 'sick beggar, even to his very hopes,' prey upon him. He says:—

Wer. Who would read in this form
The high soul of the son of a long line?
Who, in this garb, the heir of princely lands?
Who, in this sunken sickly eye, the pride
Of rank and ancestry? in this worn cheek
And famine-hollow'd brow, the lord of halls,
Which daily feast a thousand vassals?

Josephine says this has been the cancer in his heart from the beginning, adding—

‘But for this,
We had not felt our poverty, but as

Millions of myriads feel it, cheerfully;
But for these phantoms of thy feudal fathers,
Thou might'st have earn'd thy bread, as thou-
sands earn it;

Or, if that seem too humble, tried by commerce,
Or other civic means, to amend thy fortunes.

Wer. (ironically.) And been an Hanseatic
burgher? Excellent!

Jos. Whate'er thou might'st have been, to me
thou art,

What no state high or low can ever change,
My heart's first choice;—which chose thee,
knowing neither

Thy birth, thy hopes, thy pride; naught, save
thy sorrows:

While they last, let me comfort or divide them;
When they end, let mine end with them, or
thee!

Idenstein, a facetious sort of major-domo attached to the palace, enters, and announces that the river has overflowed:—

Jos. Alas! we have known
That to our sorrow, for these five days; since
It keeps us here.

Idenstein. But what you don't know is,
That a great personage, who fain would cross
Against the stream and three postillions' wishes,
Is drown'd below the ford, with five post-horses,
A monkey, and a mastiff, and a valet.

Jos. Poor creatures! are you sure?

Iden. Yes, of the monkey,
And the valet, and the cattle; but as yet
We know not if his excellency's dead
Or no; your noblemen are hard to drown,
As it is fit that men in office should be;
But, what is certain is, that he has swallow'd
Enough of the Oder to have burst two peasants;
And now a Saxon and Hungarian traveller,
Who, at their proper peril, snatch'd him from
The whirling river, have sent on to crave
A lodging, or a grave, according as
It may turn out with the live or dead body.

Jos. And where will you receive him? here,
I hope,

If we can be of service—say the word.

Iden. Here? no; but in the prince's own
apartment,

As fits a noble guest:—'tis damp, no doubt,
Not having been inhabited these twelve years;
But then he comes from a much damper place,
So scarcely will catch cold in't, if he be
Still liable to cold—and if not, why
He'll be worse lodged to-morrow: ne'ertheless,
I have order'd fire and all appliances
To be got ready for the worst—that is,
In case he should survive.

Gabor, who, with another person, had saved his unknown Excellency from the river, also arrives, and, learning from the conversation of Werner that he had been a soldier and was poor, offers him half his purse, which he refuses. In a subsequent interview

with Idenstein, Gabor learns the name of Werner. The half-drowned traveller arrives at the Palace, and proves to be Stralenheim, the avowed enemy of Werner, whom he recognizes and endeavours to draw into a conversation. After Stralenheim retires to rest, Werner indulges in a soliloquy on his situation, when he is interrupted by Idenstein, from whom he learns that Stralenheim has given orders for dispatching a courier to Frankfort instantly:—

Wer. "To Frankfort!
So, so, it thickens! Ay, "the commandant."
This tallies well with all the prior steps
Of this cool calculating fiend, who walks
Between me and my father's house. No doubt
He writes for a detachment to convey me
Into some secret fortress.—Sooner than
This—

[*Werner looks around, and snatches up a knife lying on a table in a recess.*]

Now I am master of myself at least.
Hark,—footsteps! How do I know that Stralenheim

Will wait for even the show of that authority
Which is to overshadow usurpation?
That he suspects me's certain. I'm alone;
He with a numerous train. I weak; he strong
In gold, in numbers, rank, authority.
I nameless, or involving in my name
Destruction, till I reach my own domain;
He full blown with his titles, which impose
Still further on these obscure petty burghers
Than they could do elsewhere. Hark! nearer
still!

I'll to the secret passage, which communicates
With the—No! all is silent—'twas my fancy!
Still as the breathless interval between
The flash and thunder:—I must hush my soul
Amidst its perils. Yet I will retire,
To see if still be unexplored the passage
I wot of: it will serve me as a den
Of secrecy for some hours, at the worst.
[*Werner draws a pannel, and exit, closing it after him.*]

Gabor and Josephine enter, and the former professes his wish to serve Werner, whose suspicions prevent him from serving him, for—

'Suspicion is a heavy armour, and
With its own weight impedes more than it protects.'

This scene, which passes from grave to gay, presents some amusing dialogue between Idenstein and others of the servants, of which the following is a specimen:—

First Peasant. But if I'm drown'd?
Iden. Why, you will be well paid for't,
And have risk'd more than drowning for as much,
I doubt not.

Second Peasant. But our wives and families?
Iden. Cannot be worse off than they are, and
may
Be better.

Third Peasant. I have neither, and will venture.

Iden. That's right. A gallant carle, and fit to be

A soldier. I'll promote you to the ranks
In the prince's body guard—if you succeed;
And you shall have besides, in sparkling coin,
Two thalers.

Third Peas.

Iden.

Can that low vice alloy so much ambition!
I tell thee, fellow, that two thalers in
Small change will subdivide into a treasure.
Do not five hundred thousand heroes daily
Risk lives and souls for the tithe of one thaler?
When had you half the sum?

Third Peas. Never—but ne'er
The less I must have three.

Iden. Have you forgot
Whose vassal you were born, knave?

Third Peas. No—the prince's,
And not the stranger's.

Iden. Sirrah! in the prince's
Absence, I'm sovereign; and the baron is
My intimate connexion:—"Cousin Idenstein!"
(Quoth he) you'll order out a dozen villains."
And so, you villains! troop—march—march, I
say:

And if a single dog's ear of this packet
Be sprinkled by the Oder—look to it!
For every page of paper, shall a hide
Of yours be stretch'd as parchment on a drum,
Like Ziska's skin, to beat alarm to all
Refractory vassals, who can not effect
Impossibilities—Away, ye earth-worms!

[*Exit, driving them out.*]

This is followed by a beautiful soliloquy by Josephine:—

Jos. (coming forward.) I fain would shun
these scenes, too oft repeated,
Of feudal tyranny o'er petty victims;
I cannot aid, and will not witness such.
Even here, in this remote, unnamed, dull spot,
The dimmest in the district's map, exist
The insolence of wealth in poverty
O'er something poorer still—the pride of rank
In servitude, o'er something still more servile;
And vice in misery affecting still
A tatter'd splendour. What a state of being!
In Tuscany, my own dear sunny land,
Our nobles were but citizens and merchants,
Like Cosmo. We had evils, but not such
As these; and our all-ripe and gushing valleys
Made poverty more cheerful, where each herb
Was in itself a meal, and every vine
Rain'd, as it were, the beverage, which makes
glad

The heart of man; and the ne'er unfelt sun
(But rarely clouded, and when clouded, leaving
His warmth behind in memory of his beams),
Makes the worn mantle and the thin robe less
Oppressive than an emperor's jewell'd purple.
But, here! the despots of the north appear
To imitate the ice-wind of their clime,
Searching the shivering vassal through his rags,
To wring his soul—as the bleak elements
His form. And 'tis to be amongst these sovereigns

My husband pants! and such his pride of birth
That twenty years of usage, such as no
Father, born in a humble state, could nerve
His soul to persecute a son withal,
Hath changed no atom of his early nature;
But I, born nobly also, from my father's
Kindness was taught a different lesson. Father!
May thy long-tried, and now rewarded spirit,
Look down on us and our so long desired
Ulric! I love my son, as thou didst me?
What's that? Thou, Werner! can it be? and
thus?

Werner suddenly enters by the secret pannel with a knife in his hand, which alarms Josephine, particularly when he presents a rouleau. He assures her, however, that the knife is

No more!

Out upon your avarice!

yet bloodless. The rouleau had, in fact, been taken from many others in the Baron's chamber, while he slept in the great chair. Idenstein and Fritz, one of the Baron's servants, are quite at a loss to know who has got the money:—

Iden. Not
Unlikely. But, hold—might it not have been
One of the suite?

Fritz. How? We, Sir!

Iden. No—not you,
But some of the inferior knaves. You say
The baron was asleep in the great chair—
The velvet chair—in his embroider'd night-
gown;

His toilet spread before him, and upon it
A cabinet with letters, papers, and
Several rouleaux of gold; of which one only
Has disappear'd:—the door unbolted, with
No difficult access to any.

Fritz. Good Sir,
Be not so quick; the honour of the corps,
Which forms the baron's household, 's unim-
peach'd

From steward to scullion, save in the fair way
Of peculation; such as in accompts,
Weights, measures, larder, cellar, buttery,
Where all men take their prey; as also in
Postage of letters, gathering of rents,
Purveying feasts, and understanding with
The honest trades who furnish noble masters:
But for your petty, picking, downright thievery,
We scorn it as we do board-wages: then
Had one of our folks done it, he would not
Have been so poor a spirit as to hazard
His neck for one rouleau, but have swoop'd all;
Also the cabinet, if portable.

Fritz states that Stralenheim, is on way to take possession of Siegendorf, the former inheritance of Werner's father, adding that, though the latter is living and has a son, yet that the influence of his master can silence the one, and the other had disappeared some months ago. Stralenheim now enters with the stranger who had been most instrumental in saving him, and who proves to be Ulric, the son of Werner. Josephine meets Ulric, whom she recognizes. Werner also enters:—

Wer. Josephine!
Sure 'tis no father's fondness dazzles me;
But had I seen that form amid ten thousand
Youth of the choicest, my heart would have
chosen

This for my son!

Ul. And yet you knew me not!

Wer. Alas! I have had that upon my soul
Which makes me look on all men with an eye
That only knows the evil at first glance.

Ul. My memory served me far more fondly: I
Have not forgotten aught; and oftentimes in
The proud and princely halls of—(I'll not name
them,

As you say that 'tis perilous,) but i' the pomp
Of your sire's feudal mansion, I look'd back
To the Bohemian mountains many a sunset,
And wept to see another day go down
O'er thee and me, with those huge hills be-
tween us.

They shall not part us more.

Wer. I know not that.
Are you aware my father is no more?

Ul. Of
And look
Amidst t
Fell fast
since
Ulric
that St
from dr
father
mony.
Stralen
stance
that he
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ensues
'Wer.
Taught
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Ul. Oh heavens! I left him in a green old age, And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees Fell fast around him. 'Twas scarce three months since.'

Ulric now learns, for the first time, that Stralenheim, whom he had saved from drowning, was the enemy of his father and claimed the family patrimony. Ulric thinks his father wrongs Stralenheim, and relates the circumstance of his having been robbed, and that he had pledged himself to trace the villain. A powerfully-worked scene ensues:—

Wer. (*agitatedly.*) Who Taught you to mouth that name of "villain?"

Ul. What More noble name belongs to common thieves?

Wer. Who taught you thus to brand an unknown being

With an infernal stigma?

Ul. My own feelings Taught me to name a ruffian from his deeds.

Wer. Who taught you, long-sought and ill-found boy! that

It would be safe for my own son to insult me?

Ul. I named a villain. What is there in common

With such a being and my father?

Wer. Every thing! That ruffian is thy father?

Jos. Oh, my son!

Believe him not—and yet!—(*her voice falters.*)

Ul. (*starts, looks earnestly at Werner, and then says slowly*) And you avow it?

Wer. Ulric, before you dare despise your father,

Learn to divine and judge his actions. Young,

Rash, new to life, and rear'd in luxury's lap,

Is it for you to measure passion's force,

Or misery's temptation? Wait—(not long,

It cometh like the night, and quickly)—Wait!

Wait till, like me, your hopes are blighted—till

Sorrow and shame are handmaids of your cabin;

Famine and poverty your guests at table;

Despair your bed-fellow—then rise, but not

From sleep, and judge! Should that day e'er

arrive—

Should you see then the serpent, who hath coil'd

Himself around all that is dear and noble

Of you and yours, lie slumbering in your path,

With but his folds between your steps and hap-

piness,

When he, who lives but to tear from you name,

Lands, life itself, lies at your mercy, with

Chance your conductor; midnight for your

mantle;

The bare knife in your hand, and earth asleep,

Even to your deadliest foe; and he, as 't were,

Inviting death, by looking like it, while

His death alone can save you:—Thank your

God!

If then, like me, content with petty plunder,

You turn aside—I did so.

Ul. But—

Wer. (*abruptly.*) Hear me!

I will not brook a human voice—scarce dare

Listen to my own (if that be human still)—

Hear me! you do not know this man—I do.

He's mean, deceitful, avaricious. You

Deem yourself safe, as young and brave; but

learn

None are secure from desperation, few

From subtilty. My worst foe, Stralenheim,

Housed in a prince's palace, couch'd within

A prince's chamber, lay below my knife!

An instant—a mere motion—the least impulse Had swept him and all fears of mine from earth. He was within my power—my knife was raised, Withdrawn—and I'm in his:—are you not so? Who tells you that he knows you not? Who says

He hath not lured you here to end you? or To plunge you, with your parents, in a dungeon? [*He pauses.*]

Ul. Proceed—proceed!

Wer. Me he hath ever known, And hunted through each change of time—name—fortune—

And why not you? Are you more versed in men?

He wound snares around me; flung along my path

Reptiles, whom, in my youth, I would have spurn'd

Even from my presence; but, in spurning now, Fill only with fresh venom. Will you be

More patient? Ulric!—Ulric!—there are crimes Made venial by the occasion, and temptations

Which nature cannot master or forbear.

Ul. (*looks first at him, and then at Josephine.*) My mother!

Wer. Ay! I thought so: you have now Only one parent. I have lost alike

Father and son, and stand alone.'

Gabor is suspected of having robbed Stralenheim, and resents the charge

with great indignation, even quarrelling with Ulric; they draw, and Gabor

is disarmed. Stralenheim orders the arrest of Gabor; he afterwards, in a

conversation with Ulric, confides to him his hatred to Werner, whom he

declares must be secured within twelve hours, and asks Ulric to keep his eye

upon him, as he stands between him and a brave inheritance:—

Ul. And this sole, sick, and miserable wretch—

This way-worn stranger—stands between you and

This paradise?—(As Adam did between The devil and his.)—[*Aside.*]

Stralenheim. He doth.

Ul. Hath he no right?

Stra. Right! none. A disinherited prodigal, Who for these twenty years disgraced his lineage

In all his acts—but chiefly by his marriage, And living amidst commerce-fetching burg-

hers,

And dabbling merchants, in a mart of Jews.

Ul. He has a wife, then?

Stra. You'd be sorry to Call such your mother. You have seen the

woman

He calls his wife.

Ul. Is she not so?

Stra. No more Than he's your father:—an Italian girl, The daughter of a banish'd man, who lives

On love and poverty with this same Werner.

Ul. They are childless, then?

Stra. There is or was a bastard Whom the old man—the grandsire (as old age

Is ever doting) took to warm his bosom, As it went chilly downward to the grave:

But the imp stands not in my path—he has fled, No one knows whither; and if he had not, His claims alone were too contemptible

To stand.—Why do you smile?

Ul. At your vain fears:

A poor man almost in his grasp—a child Of doubtful birth—can startle a grandee!

Stra. All's to be fear'd, where all is to be gain'd.

Ul. True; and aught done to save or to obtain it.

Stra. You have harp'd the very string next to my heart.

I may depend upon you?

Ul. 'Twere too late To doubt it.'

Gabor seeks refuge in the apartment of Werner, to whom he relates how he had been degraded:—

Wer. It is a damned world, sir.

Gabor. So is the nearest of the two next, as The priests say (and no doubt they should know best.)

Therefore I'll stick by this—as being loth To suffer martyrdom, at least with such

An epitaph as larceny upon my tomb.'

A knocking is heard at the door, and Werner shows Gabor the secret panel,

which he enters, but intreats him not to proceed far, lest it should lead him

into danger. Idenstein and others seek Gabor, and retire; Ulric enters, to

consult his father's safety, which Werner despairs of:—

Ul. I cannot

Pause in each petty fear, and stumble at The doubts that rise like briars in our path,

But must break through them, as an unarm'd carle

Would, though with naked limbs, were the wolf rustling

In the same thicket where he hew'd for bread: Nets are for thrushes, eagles are not caught so;

We'll overfly, or rend them.'

Ulric gives his father a ring with which to bribe Idenstein for his old calèche and horse, to escort him and Josephine. Werner tempts Idenstein

with the ring, which the latter thus apostrophizes:—

Idenstein. Oh, thou sweet sparkler!

Thou more than stone of the philosopher!

Thou touchstone of Philosophy herself!

Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou load-star of The soul! the true magnetic pole to which

All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles!

Thou flaming Spirit of the Earth! which sitting High on the monarch's diadem, attractest

More worship than the majesty who sweats Beneath the crown which makes his head ache,

like

Millions of hearts which bleed to lend it lustre, Shalt thou be mine? I am, methinks, already

A little king, a lucky alchymist!—

A wise magician, who has bound the devil Without the forfeit of his soul. But come

Werner, or what else?

When Werner has got into the garden, ready to escape by the vehicle

Idenstein has provided, Ulric approaches, and challenges him as an assassin and the murderer of Stralenheim, whose chamber had been again

visited by a secret passage:—

Ul. Did you not *this* night (as the night before)

Retrace the secret passage? Did you not

Again revisit Stralenheim's chamber and—
[Ulric pauses.]

Wer. Proceed.

Ur. Died he not by your hand?

Wer. Great God!

Ur. You are innocent, then! my father's innocent!
Embrace me! Yes,—your tone—your look—yes, yes,—
Yet say so!

Wer. If I e'er, in heart or mind,
Conceived deliberately such a thought,
But rather strove to trample back to hell
Such thoughts—if e'er they glared a moment
through

The irritation of my oppressed spirit—
May heaven be shut for ever from my hopes
As from mine eyes.

Ul. But Stralenheim is dead.

Werner makes his escape; and now
the scene changes to the Castle of Siegendorf, where there is an interesting
scene between Ulric, who had arrived
there, and his cousin, Ida Stralenheim,
the daughter of his father's foe:—

Ul. You are early, my sweet cousin!

Ida. Not too early,

Dear Ulric, if I do not interrupt you.

Why do you call me "Cousin?"

Ul. (smiling) Are we not so?

Ida. Yes, but I do not like the name; me-thinks,

It sounds so cold, as if you thought upon
Our pedigree, and only weigh'd our blood.

Ul. (starting) Blood!

Ida. Why does your's start from your cheeks?

Ul. Ay! doth it?

Ida. It doth—but no; it rushes like a torrent
Even to your brow again.

Ul. (recovering himself) And if it fled
It only was because your presence sent it
Back to my heart, which beats for you, sweet
cousin!

Ida. "Cousin" again.

Ul. Nay, then I'll call you sister.

Ida. I like that name still worse—would we
had ne'er

Been aught of kindred!

Ul. (gloomily) Would we never had!

Ida. Oh, heaven! and can you wish that?

Ul. Dearest Ida!

Did I not echo your own wish?

Ida. Yes, Ulric,

But then I wished it not with such a glance,
And scarce knew what I said; but let me be
Sister or cousin, what you will, so that
I still to you am something.

Ul. You shall be

All—all—

Ida. And you to me are so already;
But I can wait.

Ul. Dear Ida!

Ida. Call me Ida,

Your Ida, for I would be your's, none else's—
Indeed I have none else left, since my poor father—

Ul. You have mine—you have me.

Ida. Dear Ulric, how I wish
My father could but view our happiness,
Which wants but this.

Ul. Indeed!

Ida. You would have loved him,
He you; for the brave ever love each other:
His manner was a little cold, his spirit
I roud (as is birth's prerogative), but under
This grave exterior—would you had known
each other!

Had such as you been near him on his journey,
He had not died without a friend to soothe
His last and lonely moments.

Ul. Who says that?

Ida. What?

Ul. That he died alone.

Ida. The general rumour,
And disappearance of his servants, who
Have ne'er return'd: that fever was most deadly
Which swept them all away.

Ul. If they were near him,
He could not die neglected or alone.

Ida. Alas! what is a menial to a death-bed,
When the dim eye rolls vainly round for what
It loves?—they say he died of a fever.

Ul. Say!

It was so.

Ida. I sometimes dream otherwise.

Ul. All dreams are false.

Ida. And yet I see him as

I see you.

Ul. Where!

Ida. In sleep—I see him lie
Pale, bleeding, and a man with a raised knife
Beside him.

Ul. But you do not see his face?

Ida. (looking at him) No! Oh, my God! do
you?

Ul. Why do you ask?

Ida. Because you look as if you saw a murder-
er!

Ul. (agitatedly) Ida, this is mere childish-
ness; your weakness
Infects me, to my shame; but as all feelings
Of your's are common to me, it affects me.

Werner, who now appears as Count
Siegendorf, sends for an abbot, to
whom he gives the gold which he had
taken from Stralenheim, and bids him
say mass for a dead person, who was
his enemy, but whose name he con-
ceals. He feels, however, as much agi-
tation as if he had been guilty of the
death of Stralenheim.

The fifth act commences with a fine
picture of Ida's affection for Ulric,
discovered in an interview with his mother:—

Ida. What should make us grieve? I hate
To hear of sorrow: how can we be sad,
Who love each other so entirely? You,
The Count, and Ulric, and your daughter, Ida.

Jos. Poor child!

Ida. Do you pity me?

Jos. No; I but envy,

And that in sorrow, not in the world's sense
Of the universal vice, if one vice be
More general than another.

Ida. I'll not hear

A word against a world which still contains
You and my Ulric. Did you ever see

Aught like him? How he tower'd amongst
them all!

How all eyes followed him! the flowers fell
faster—

Rain'd from each lattice at his feet, methought,
Than before all the rest, and where he trod
I dare be sworn that they grow still, nor e'er
Will wither.

Jos. You will spoil him, little flatterer,
If he should hear you.

Ida. But he never will.

I dare not say so much to him—I fear him.

Jos. Why so? he loves you well.

Ida. But I can never

Shape my thoughts of him into words to him.
Besides, he sometimes frightens me.

Jos. How so?

Ida. A cloud comes o'er his blue eyes sud-
denly,

Yet he says nothing.

Jos. It is nothing: all men,
Especially in these dark troublous times,
Have much to think of.

Ida. But I cannot think
Of aught save him.

Jos. Yet there are other men
In the world's eye as goodly. There's, for in-
stance,

The young Count Waldorf, who scarce once
withdrew

His eyes from your's to-day.

Ida. I did not see him,

But Ulric. Did you not see at the moment
When all knelt, and I wept? and yet methought
Through my fast tears, though they were thick
and warm,

I saw him smiling on me.

Jos. I could not

See aught save Heaven, to which my eyes were
rais'd

Together with the people's.

Ida. I thought, too,

Of Heaven, although I look'd on Ulric.

Siegendorf sees Gabor in a proces-
sion and thanksgiving, that took place
on the conclusion of the war. Gabor
mentions the name of 'Werner,' on
which Siegendorf fell down. While
Siegendorf is relating this circum-
stance to Ulric, Gabor enters. Sie-
gendorf accuses him of having mur-
dered Stralenheim; he denies it, and
fixes the crime on Ulric. The whole
scene is much too long, and the detail
of the murder very tedious, since, out
of half a dozen pages, the following is
all that is to the point:—

Gab. You conceal'd me—

In secret passages known to yourself,
You said, and to none else. At dead of night,
Weary with watching in the dark, and dubious
Of tracing back my way—I saw a glimmer
Through distant crannies of a twinkling light.
I follow'd it, and reach'd a door—a secret
Portal—which opened to the chamber, where,
With cautious hand and slow, having first un-
done

As much as made a crevice of the fastening,
I look'd through, and beheld a purple bed,
And on it Stralenheim!—

Siegendorf. Asleep! and yet

You slew him—Wretch!

Gab. He was already slain,
And bleeding like a sacrifice. My own
Blood became ice.

Sieg. But he was all alone!

You saw none else? You did not see the—
[He pauses from agitation.]

Gab. No,

He, whom you dare not name—nor even I
Scarce dare to recollect, was not then in
The chamber.

Sieg. (to Ulric) Then, my boy! thou art
guiltless still—

Thou bad'st me say I was so once—Oh! now,
Do thou as much!

Gab. Be patient! I can not

Recede now, though it shake the very walls
Which frown above us. You remember, or
If not, your son does,—that the locks were
chang'd

Beneath his chief inspection—on the morn

Which led
ter'd
He best k
The door
A man wi
With stern
The bleed

Gabo
tower, w
father th
Ul.

For triffin
His story

Sieg. H
Ul.

As never t
When we

Discovery
His death

Then sum
Been left

Have loit
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The objec
Have fled

Suspicion
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At times
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His life

Which led to this same night : how he had entered

He best knows—but within an antechamber, The door of which was half ajar, I saw A man who wash'd his bloody hands, and oft With stern and anxious glance gazed back upon The bleeding body—but it moved no more.

Gabor is requested to withdraw to a tower, when Ulric acknowledges to his father the justice of the charge:—

Ul. It is no time For trifling or dissembling. I have said His story's true; and he too must be silenced. Sieg. How so?

Ul. As Stralenheim is. Are you so dull As never to have hit on this before? When we met in the garden, what except Discovery in the act could make me know His death? Or had the prince's household been Then summon'd, would the cry for the police Been left to such a stranger? Or should I Have loiter'd on the way? Or could you, Werner,

The object of the baron's hates and fears, Have fled—unless by many an hour before Suspicion woke? I sought and fathom'd you—Doubting if you were false or feeble; I Perceiv'd you were the latter; and yet so Confiding have I found you, that I doubted At times your weakness.

Sieg. Parricide? no less Than common stabber! what deed of my life, Or thought of mine, could make you deem me fit For your accomplice?

Ul. Father, do not raise The devil you cannot lay, between us. This Is time for union and for action, not For family disputes. While you were tortured Could I be calm? Think you that I have heard This fellow's tale without some feeling? you Have taught me feeling for you and myself; For whom or what else did you ever teach it?

Sieg. Oh! my dead father's curse! 'tis working now.

Ul. Let it work on! the grave will keep it down!

Ashes are feeble foes: it is more easy To baffle such than countermine a mole, Which winds its blind but living path beneath you.

Yet hear me still!—If you condemn me, yet Remember who hath taught me once too often To listen to him! Who proclaimed to me That there were crimes made venial by the occasion?

That passion was our nature? that the goods Of heaven waited on the goods of fortune? Who show'd me his humanity secured By his nerves only? Who deprived me of All power to vindicate myself and race In open day? By his disgrace which stamp'd (It might be) bastardy on me, and on Himself—a felon's brand! The man who is At once both warm and weak, invites to deeds He longs to do, but dare not. Is it strange That I should act what you could think? We have done

With right and wrong; and now must only ponder

Upon effects, not causes. Stralenheim, Whose life I saved from impulse, as, unknown, I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's, I slew Known as our foe—but not from vengeance. He Was a rock in our way which I cut through, As doth the bolt, because it stood between us And our true destination—but not idly. As stranger I preserved him; and he owed me His life; when due, I but resumed the debt.

He, you, and I stood o'er a gulf, wherein I have plunged our enemy. You kindled first The torch—you show'd the path; now trace me that

Of safety—or let me!

Sieg. I have done with life!

Ul. Let us have done with that which cankers life—

Familiar feuds and vain recriminations Of things which cannot be undone. We have No more to learn or hide: I know no fear, And have within these very walls men whom (Although you know them not,) dare venture all things.

You stand high with the state; what passes here Will not excite too great curiosity:

Keep your own secret, keep a steady eye, Stir not, and speak not;—leave the rest to me: We must have no third babblers thrust between us. [Exit Ulric.]

Sieg. (solus) Am I awake? Are these my father's halls?

And you—my son? My son! mine! who have ever

Abhor'd both mystery and blood, and yet Am plunged into the deepest hell of both! I must be speedy, or more will be shed—The Hungarian's!—Ulric—he hath partisans, It seems: I might have guess'd as much. Oh fool!

Wolves prowl in company. He hath the key (As I too) of the opposite door, which leads Into the turret. Now then! or once more To be the father of fresh crimes—no less Than of the criminal! Ho! Gabor! Gabor! [Exit into the turret, closing the door after him.]

Siegendorf releases Gabor, gives him a diamond star and other jewels, and bids him fly for safety. He has just escaped from the interior of the turret, when Ulric and some of his followers enter, and, mistaking Siegendorf for Gabor, are about to kill him. When the father and son are left alone, Siegendorf acknowledges that he has suffered Gabor to escape. Now comes the denouement, which is tame and spiritless:—

Ul. Then fare you well! [Ulric is going.]

Sieg. Stop! I command—entreat—implore!

Oh, Ulric!

Will you then leave me?

Ul. What! remain to be Denounc'd—dragg'd, it may be, in chains: and all By your inherent weakness, half-humanity, Selfish remorse, and temporising pity, That sacrifices your whole race to save A wretch to profit by our ruin! No, Count, Henceforth you have no son!

Sieg. I never had one; And would you ne'er had borne the useless name! Where will you go? I would not send you forth Without protection.

Ul. Leave that unto me. I am not alone; nor merely the vain heir Of your domains: a thousand, ay, ten thousand Swords, hearts, and hands, are mine.

Sieg. The foresters! With whom the Hungarian found you first at Frankfort?

Ul. Yes—men—who are worthy of the name! Go tell

Your senators that they look well to Prague; Their feast of peace was early for the times; There are more spirits abroad than have been laid With Wallenstein!

Enter Josephine and Ida.

Jos. What is't we hear? My Siegendorf! Thank Heav'n, I see you safe!

Sieg. Safe!

Ida. Yes, dear father.

Sieg. No, no; I have no children: never more Call me by that worst name of parent.

Jos. What

Means my good lord?

Sieg. That you have given birth To a demon!

Ida. (taking Ulric's hand) Who shall dare say this of Ulric?

Sieg. Ida, beware! there's blood upon that hand.

Ida. (stooping to kiss it) I'd kiss it off, though it were mine!

Sieg. It is so!

Ul. Away, it is your father's! [Exit Ulric.]

Ida. Oh, great God?

And I have loved this man!

[Ida falls senseless—Jos. stands speechless with horror.]

Sieg. The wretch hath slain Them both!—My Josephine! we are now alone! Would we had ever been so!—All is over For me!—Now open wide, my sire, thy grave; Thy curse hath dug it deeper for thy son In mine!—The race of Siegendorf is past!

We have devoted so much space to a detail of the plot and incidents of this tragedy, and to selecting some of its best passages, that we have little room for criticism. To us it appears the greatest failure Lord Byron has yet made, even in dramatic writing; for although many parts of it are full of vigour and poetic feeling, yet others are tame, and there is a total want of keeping. Even the story does not develop itself gradually, but there is an abruptness about it, particularly where, between the third and fourth act, the scene is transferred; and Ulric and Werner slip at once from being outcasts to the full occupation of Siegendorf, where, although Stralenheim had never got possession, yet we find his daughter living as a sort of protégée of Werner. Many scenes are very dull and prosaic, and the whole tragedy is tedious. If, however, it does no credit to the poetic genius of Lord Byron, it does no injury to his moral character, and is one of the least exceptionable, in this respect, of all his productions.

Don Carlos; or, Persecution. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Lord John Russell. 8vo. pp. 119. London, 1822.

THE list of noble authors has rapidly augmented since Horace Walpole became their biographer; and they never were half so numerous as at present. Nor are they less remarkable for their industry than their number; there is Lord Byron, who writes poems as quickly as persons can well read them, and

Lord Thurlow, though not so prolific, has written a great deal more than has been read; then we have Lord John Russel, who, to the historian and politician, has added the character of the dramatist. Who will now say that this is not a dramatic age? when, in one single number of our journal, we have to notice two tragedies, written by noble authors; it must be confessed, however, that many poems, yclept tragedies, may be written without the drama being a gainer by them. We do not say that this is the case with 'Werner' and 'Don Carlos,' for we shall leave our readers to decide for themselves.

The story of Don Carlos, and of his persecutions by his father, Philip II. of Spain, are well known, though historians differ much, not only as to the cause of the king's enmity, but even as to the extent to which it was carried. The subject, too, is not unknown to the drama. Otway wrote a tragedy on it, which he called, 'Don Carlos, Prince of Spain.' This play, which was the second production of the author, is written in heroic verse; the plot is taken from a novel of the same name by St. Real, and from the Spanish Chronicles. It was acted at the Duke's Theatre about the year 1675, and is said to have been more successful than either *Venice Preserved*, or the *Orphan*. Indeed it is reported to have been played thirty successive nights, but Dr. Johnson justly doubts this, as so long a continuance of one play upon the stage was not then at all usual.*

Schiller has also written a very interesting tragedy on the subject, but it is much too long and declamatory; and though translated by several persons, it has never been acted. Indeed, the author's hatred against kings and priests is so strongly manifested in the play, that it would scarcely pass the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain.

Lord John Russell, in converting the story of Don Carlos into a drama, has partially followed Llorente in his 'History of the Inquisition,' though, he confesses in his preface, that the two main props upon which the play is built,

* Notwithstanding the doubts as to the success of this play, there is little doubt that it was popular. Rochester bears evidence to this, in the following lampoon, in his 'Trial of the Poets for the Bays.'—

'Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear zany,
And swears for heroics, he writes best of any;
Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his minge was quite cur'd, and his lice
were all kill'd.'

have no solid foundation in history. These 'main props' are certainly serving the memory of Philip II. since they give him causes and apologies for his treatment of the Prince, which would palliate, if not justify, his conduct. Lord John Russell makes the Prince entertain a passion for the Queen; and, secondly, he throws the odium of the trial and condemnation of Don Carlos on the Inquisition; 'as that tribunal has so many sins upon its head, he can scarcely do it any injury by adding an imaginary one to the catalogue.'

A story so well known as that of Don Carlos, we do not think it necessary to detail, especially as we have stated the points in which the author has deviated from it. As Lord John Russell is determined to throw the odium of Don Carlos's death on the Inquisition, he has bent his whole force in representing that detested tribunal as villainous as possible. The character of Valdez the Great Inquisitor, is well drawn; and he appears worthy of his vocation. He seems a cool calculating villain; and if there is any point in which he is deficient, it is in bigotry. Even his guilt is not clothed sufficiently with the semblance of zeal for religion, for this was the ground on which the Inquisition placed its racks and tortures; and for the 'Holy Religion,' were the auto-da-fès and other atrocities of the popish church committed.

Jealousy has formed the subject of so many tragedies, and has been so consecrated, as it were, by the genius of Shakespeare in *Othello*, that any author who attempts to make it the basis of a tragedy has great difficulties to contend with. It therefore does not surprise us to find Lord John Russell unsuccessful in this respect. The author has, however, evidently had the tragedy of *Othello* in his eye. The instrument that Valdez uses to poison the king's ear, is Leonora, the wife of Don Luis de Cardoba, who, in early life had been in love with Don Carlos, and slighted by him. The scene in which she works upon Philip is an evident imitation of that in the third act of *Othello*; but we must not draw a comparison so unfavourable to our author, as to make *Othello* the test by which we try him. Valdez seconds the insinuations of Leonora by more open declarations and new accusations of political crimes. This scene is, however, well sketched, and we select a part of it:—

'Valdez. My king,
I will proceed, though harsh and crude the tale.
We are informed Don Carlos—

Philip. What of him?
Val. I grieve to speak of aught that may affect

The prince's honour; but my duty bids
To represent—

Philip. Go on—
Val. Men of proved worth,
Whose lives give weight and value to their words,

Have sworn to our tribunal that the prince,
Don Carlos, gives an ear to heretics;
Pities their fate; assists them when they fly
From lawful punishment; holds conference
With Berg and Montigny, the deputies,
Who here within Madrid provoke the wrath
Of Heaven upon all Spain by laying wide
Their nets for falling spirits; all of this
Your majesty's own son, the heir of Spain,
Promotes and fosters; yet on all of this
Our sage tribunal would have cast a veil,
And hiding from your eyes a son's defect,
By gentle remedies restored his mind
To its right functions; but of late—

Philip. Well, well!
Val. It is affirmed the prince, with headlong
haste,
Prepares a journey to your Flemish states;
And there intends to comfort and assist
The rebels to their king and to their God.

Philip. What proof of this? what witnesses?
what plan
Of enterprise? 'tis madness this—

Val. Indeed,
It seems so; and I hope it may appear
Our caution is deceived—although 'tis rare
For us to harbour error;—witnesses,
Weighty and strong, attest the facts I tell:
I come not with the tale of some base wretch,
Pitching his quoit for vengeance or for gain,
With eye close drawn upon his mark: these
facts

Have flowed from many sources; pure clear
springs
Where nothing turbid dwells; their names my
oath

Forbids me to reveal: the prince's plan
We know not fully: that we hear, at least,
We fain would think a child of fantasy.

Philip. Speak all you know; I long to hear
the worst.

Val. Such airy stories of projected deeds
Cannot affect my royal sovereign's peace;
That which is grounded I have told—

Philip. Speak on,—
Hold me not in suspense,—speak on, old priest.

Val. Then, since your majesty can calmly
bear

To listen to these black unnatural rumours,
That shake the ground and seem beneath our
feet

To herald earthquakes; it is said and sworn
By friends deep in his plans that Spain's young
prince

Means to leave here his devilish instruments
To cut the remnant of his father's life;
And then, they say, Don Carlos will return
To wed the queen—

Philip. To wed the queen, thou sayst!
(The curse of heaven light upon his head!)

Val. To wed the queen! a false informer's tale,
Coined to mislead your exemplary zeal:
For which we give you thanks, you have our
thanks

For all the love and wakeful vigilance
You show in our behalf: but if 'tis false,

As by my
You go
we
There are
Whose te
Lack ali
Flap to a
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As by my royal crown I deem it is,
You go not free from blame; and mark my words:

There are some busy spirits in the world,
Whose tempers in the natural food of life
Lack aliment, as ships whose sails in calm
Flap to and fro, and waste their action; souls
Whose order is disturbance; they must find
Or make a plot, and should they fail to raise
The subject 'gainst the prince, they move the prince

To vex the subject: black unnatural treasons
Rise at their bidding: spirits, dark as hell,
Foul murders, sacrilege, conspiracy
Wait at their beck, and instant on their call
People the earth with horrors: there are others,
Chapmen of human life, whose trade is blood,
Who, like the vampire, live and suck their breath

From the stern scaffold, where their comrades' heads
Lie bathed in gore—oh, think on this and doubt!—

But say—the queen—what said you of the queen?

Val. Nothing, my liege; nothing has been deposed

That may affect the queen.
Phi. 'Tis well, Valdéz:
For if there had, the villain should have died
Who dared to aim his arrows at a star
Pure as the heaven she's made for; it is well.

As Iago persuades Cassio to urge his suit to Desdemona, to intercede for him with Othello, so Valdez urges the Queen to plead for Don Carlos, in order to make this the ground of suspicion. The character of the Prince is well drawn, but he is perhaps rendered too amiable for historical truth; for, indeed, what Prince ever deserved such a character as the following, which is given by the Queen:—

Queen. Sire, of the prince I speak,
As I have seen him, easily inflamed,
And catching fire in every generous cause;
Suffering with every sufferer; sharing loss
With every loser in the game of life;
A soul ennobled by companionship
With lofty thoughts, and mighty purposes;
Hating all wrong, and scourging with a rod
Of scorn contemptuous the sloth of vice;
Yet with proud bearing throwing back the praise,
Our courtiers trade in for their private gain;
This sternness makes him enemies, but still
His heart is to his duty rivetted;
Nor lives there of your subject millions, one
Whom malice with mere rancour would accuse,
Or virtue with more confidence defend.

The scene between Valdez and the Prince, is one in which the author appears to have laboured most, and it gives an appalling, but a true picture of persecution:—

Valdez. These, my prince,
These are the witnesses, no airy phantoms,
Created by our malice; no base tools
Of priestly persecution: witness Heaven,
If we had found that it were possible
To shut our ears, that any way were left
To disbelieve or slight the testimony
That weighs upon your head; with eager joy
We had embraced such hope, and closed the abyss
That yawns so fearfully: 'tis otherwise:
Not our's the blame: yet may our charity,

Presuming still the best, cherish the hope
You can explain these things: the hours you ask
Shall be allowed for preparation; then
Our court shall be assembled, hear at full
Your highness's prepar'd defence, and judge
As truth, and the great cause of Christian Spain,
Shall best direct us. Guards, attend the prince
To his appointed cell.

Don Carlos (rising). Stand off, ye slaves
Of wicked masters! I ask no delay:
I'll go to trial now; for my defence
Is brief and hopeless: I avow it all!
All that your witnesses have sworn, I swear,
And pledge my honour for its truth: think not
That I will stoop or crouch beneath your feet,
Unsay my words, and creep away dishonoured:
What I have done I own, that I have spoken
I speak again; yet I deny my guilt?
All that I did was innocent.

Val. Beware
How you proceed; the ground on which you tread
Covers the embers of eternal fire.

Car. I reck not what ye say; I tell you plainly
I pity heretics, and deem your acts
Cruel and impious. By what right, I ask,
Stand ye 'twixt God and man, restricting thus
The uncontrollable and sacred conscience,
By your Procrustian bed?

Val. I grieve to find
The heir of Spain so ignorant: know, then,
We hold the scales for the eternal church,
Whose faith is truth; whose empire is the soul
Of lost mankind: it is our sacred duty
To save our brethren from the treacherous lights
That lead to hell who follows.

Car. Every church
Throughout the world may claim like obligation:

Each is for truth; the Turk, the Lutheran,
The Calvinist, the Greek, the Indian Brahmin,
Proclaims his dogma true: can *all* be so?
If each may persecute, shall not the world
Be speckled with one truth, and many errors?

Val. This smells of heresy: Don Carlos then
Doubts our religion true?

Car. I doubt it not:
'Tis ye who, by the bloody means ye use,
Betray your want of faith! Shall not the God,
Who sent his word with miracles and signs
To the benighted world, make it prevail
Without these chains, this rack, these gloomy
dungeons?

Val. Yet by such means the holy soil of Spain
Is from the common stain of Europe free;
And erring minds are from their wandering path
Reclaimed by our laborious ministry.

Car. 'Tis false: the victims that ye sacrifice
Are but incensed by your inhuman tortures:
Souls of immortal men acquire new strength,
New temper, from the fire of persecution;
And future ages shall avow the truth,
That, in the warfare of contending creeds,
The martyr's blood waters the victor's palm.

Val. Yet many have renounced their new-
sprung faith.

Car. Believe them not: their faith is nothing
worth:

A forced conversion is a forced deceit:
We may grow rich by arts that we detest;
We may be cured by medicines that we loathe;
But by a worship that the soul abhors
We never can be saved: 'tis mockery all.
Of timid men ye may make hypocrites,
Of zealous men ye may make martyrs; but
Of none shall ye make Catholics; the faith
Of an all-powerful benevolence
Thrives not by blood, nor is it given to spread
The charity of Christ by homicide.

Val. Prince, you speak boldly:—it befits your rank;

Yet know that we have full authority
To punish unbelievers and pluck out
The tares that grow among the wheat. Beware!
Car. Authority? from whom? Is it from Heaven?

Has God then put his balance in your hands,
Trusted his sword of justice to your arm,
That thus ye would usurp his office? Christ
Told him alone to judge who had not sinned.
Have ye not sinned?—but be it ye have not,
Say, will you stake your souls you cannot err?
Or left He upon all the common sin
That stains the heart, and yet from some erased
The common blindness that infirms the head?
I am myself a member of your church;
I hold her doctrines, follow her commands;
Yet dare I not condemn my fellow-man,
Who sees salvation on the same hill-top,
But treads another path to reach it.

Val. Prince,
We listen with amaze; with grief much more,
To hear from royal lips, from lips that once
Swore to maintain the faith, such guileful words,
Prompted by Satan to mislead proud youth,
And goad the gallant spirit to rush on
To death eternal. We are judges here,
By warrant from the church;—the church hea-
ven-born
Still draws its inspiration from above.

Car. Is it the will of Heaven you speak?
speak mercy:
Is it Christ's will you do? be charitable:
And are ye so? No! shame upon you all,
Your hands are bloody; to the God of peace
You offer carnage: this is not divine;
It cannot be: your title-deeds are forged;
A mortal usurpation. Thus weak man
Scans the horizon bounded by his sight,
And thinks he sees the world: but the large eye
Of heavenly mercy compasses the globe,
And kens the savage Indian, distinct
As the great King of Spain.

Valdez's own accusations, and those of his coadjutor Leonora, are not sufficient, and he urges her husband, Don Luis de Cordoba, who has in youth received a blow from the Prince, to assassinate him. He conveys him from prison, and when in the street they encounter the officers of the Inquisition, and, while Carlos engages them, Cordoba draws his sword and wounds him; Carlos turns round and attacks him. Philip and Valdéz come up; Carlos asks for drink, a soldier brings a cup, into which Valdéz puts poison, and the Prince drinks it. An explanation takes place, and the King becomes convinced that he has been imposed on. The Prince dies; and thus the play concludes—

Phi. (To Valdéz.) Villain! is this thy duty to thy king?

(To the Guards.)
Sieve that arch traitor! Yes—Valdéz, I mean—
The great inquisitor.

(To Valdéz)
Thou savage monster!
I will not take thy life, but a lone cell,
Henceforth, be thy abode. Away with him!
Val. One moment's pause I pray ye.—Think not, king,
That your perpetual prison, though the worst—

You dare inflict upon my holy person,
Shall make me wretched: I have that within
Which fits me for all fortunes, I am armed
With that which you affect, calm constancy:
But you who send me to this punishment,
Shall you be happy? no.—In my dark hours
I will but call to mind your jealousies
And thus be comforted: you had a son;
And there he lies, the victim of your fears:
You have a beauteous queen, but can you love
her?

Can she love you? no: your unyielding heart
Repels all sympathy; your son is dead,
Your wife will quickly follow; you will find
Or dream a plot till you have slain her, then
What shall your dreary palace hold more sweet
Than my low dungeon? nay, inflict the rack:
Its tortures cannot furnish half the pangs
Suspicion shall inflict upon the king!

[Exit Valdéz guarded.]

Phi. (solus) May this sad story rest for ever
secret!

Vain hope! in one short day I have destroyed
My peace of conscience and my hopes of fame!

Although there is little novelty in
the plot or incidents of this tragedy,
nearly the whole of which are borrowed;
and although, as a whole, it does not
possess much dramatic effect, yet there
are many vigorous passages in it, one
or two of which we shall select. Sus-
picion is thus described:—

'The king has got a demon: 'tis Suspicion;
Whose senses are refined to pain, whose ears
Are stung to madness by a cricket's chirp;
Whose jaundiced eyes in every sheep perceive
A covert wolf; and, mark you well, Lucero,
He who reposes not in confidence
That men are somewhat better than they are,
Conceives them worse.'

The picture of an auto-da-fé is for-
cibly drawn:—

Car. I do remember well—too well, alas,
My age but scarce fourteen, your royal self
Absent in Flanders, I was bid preside
At the great Act of Faith to be performed
In fair Valladolid: at that green age,
Quite new to life, nor yet aware of death,
The solemn pomp amused my careless mind.
But when the dismal tragedy began,
How were my feelings changed and clouded!

first

Came there a skeleton, upon its head
A cap with painted flames; this thing had been
A lady, who, throughout her life, had borne
A name unsullied; twenty years had past
Since her remains had rested in the ground,
And now, by sentence of the Holy Office,
The dull disgusting mass of whitened bone
That once had been her garment, was dug up
To clear some flaw in her theology:
Then came a learned priest, his name Cazalla;
With countenance serene, and calm devotion,
He walked to death, and as he passed me by,
With earnest manner he entreated me
For his poor sister's offspring; she condemned
To prison for her life, and loss of goods,
While twelve unhappy children were bereft
Of parents and of food; I wept, and thought
Of the poor orphans.

Phi. You should have rejoiced
To think so many infant souls were saved
Fervour.

Car. How! rejoice! not to have wept
Were then impossible; I sobbed for pity.
But soon a sterner sight braced up my nerves,

Rigid with horror, for the murderous pile
Was lighted for the sacrifice: unmoved,
The Great Inquisitor beheld his victims.
Cazalla too was undisturbed: the mind
Might fairly doubt which of the two were
judge,

And which the culprit, save that gleams of joy
Like one who sees his haven, spread their light
Upon Cazalla's face. The flames burst forth,
And with slow torture singed the limbs of him,
Who seemed alone amid the multitude
To be unconscious of this earthly hell.

But as we looked amazed, sudden he rushed
From forth the flames, and while by-standers
fled

In sudden panic, bore from off a heap
Fresh store of wood, upbraiding the weak wretch
Who stood beside it; this he flung again
Upon the pile, and raising high his voice
Exclaimed "Farewell! thou sinful world, fare-
well!

Ye—earth, and sun, and moon, and stars, fare-
well!

Welcome my God! welcome eternal life!"

Our last extract is a soliloquy of
Carlos in prison:—

'Don Carlos. (solus.) Abode of misery! to
what a line

Of wretched men am I the heir—the walls
Themselves speak dreadful language, here are
names;

And here a thousand marks engraved to tell
As many days of suffering: pshaw! away
Such gloomy thoughts! they make me sick at
heart.—

The light is disappearing through the dim
And narrow window of my cell—'tis evening!
At this same hour of evening, I have stood
Upon the borders of the mountain ridge
That skirts the plain of Seville: the broad sun
In full effulgence o'er a cloudless sky
Poured his last flood of brightness: the brown
hills,

The aloes hedge and rhododendron wild,
The golden orange and the purple grape
All seemed as clothed in light; and now 'tis
gone!

The god of day has vanished: a low bell
The general stillness breaks, but not offends;
All tongues are whispering prayer and thanks
to Heaven;

And soon again the light guitar is heard,
And aged grandsires with young hearts behold
The tender maidens that with graceful step
Lead on the village dance—and yet how many
Of those who thus rejoice, and sleep at night,
And wake at sunrise with a heart at ease,
Would fain be Philip's heir; and dream that
then

They should indeed be happy—poor vain worm.
Osorio—welcome!

These are passages which do much
credit to the author, and prove that,
though he may not have displayed
great dramatic powers, he possesses
poetical talents of a superior order.

—♦—♦—♦—
*Letters from America; containing Ob-
servations on the Climate, Agricul-
ture, Manners of the People, &c.*
By James Flint. 8vo. pp. 330.
Edinburgh, 1822.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Flint possesses few
qualifications for an author, except as-
surance; and his book abounds with

common-place and even silly details
and observations, yet there are some
parts of it both interesting and amus-
ing; and it is to such that we shall di-
rect our attention. Most travellers,
who have recently written on America
(Miss Wright excepted), have given
unfavourable accounts of this boasted
land of liberty. Mr. Flint, on the
contrary, seems determined to be pleased
with every thing, even with the rude-
ness and inhospitality of transatlantic
innkeepers, although he was frequently
refused admittance, or, even when ad-
mitted, refused those attentions which
every traveller expects.

Mr. Flint gives a curious picture of
what are here called the *learned* pro-
fessions, though they are certainly any
thing but that at Jeffersonville, in In-
diana. Here the young man who has
read Blackstone's Commentaries, is
deemed duly qualified for the bar;
and may be considered a good lawyer,
although he can neither write gramma-
tically nor spell correctly. The doc-
tors practise on life and limb without
having obtained the diploma of any
medical school. The clergy have no
pretensions to qualifications derived
from human tuition. Many of their
harangues are composed of medley de-
clamation and the most disgusting tau-
tology. Their hearers frequently join
in loud vociferations, fall down, shake,
and jerk, in a style that it would be in
vain to attempt to describe. The jus-
tices of the peace are as ignorant as pa-
rish beadies; and country 'squires have
as little learning as the plough boys.
Equivocation is so common in America,
that it is not thought a crime, and even
Mr. Flint almost reconciles himself to
it. His instances of this transatlantic
virtue are amusing. 'The practice of
naturalizing foreign seamen, by the so-
lemn farce of an old woman's first
cradling bearded men, and then swear-
ing that she rocked them, is one sort of
equivocation; another is that of pro-
curing the right of pre-emption to land
in new territories, by sowing only a few
grains of corn, and, subsequently,
swearing that a crop has been culti-
vated on the tract claimed. Even
country magistrates sanction this spe-
cies of fraud. A Negro man and a
white woman applied to a magistrate
to be married; but the law of the state
prohibited all sexual intercourse be-
tween white and coloured people; he,
however, suggested, that if the woman
could be qualified to swear that there
was black blood in her, the law would
not apply. The hint was taken, and

the lancet was immediately applied to the Negro's arm. The bride drank the blood, made the necessary oath, and his honour joined their hands with a conscience clear!

Mr. Flint is quite angry at some English editors accusing the Americans of barbarism; and yet he acknowledges that—

'Fights are characterized by the most savage ferocity. Gouging or putting out the antagonist's eyes, by thrusting the thumbs into the sockets, is a part of the *modus operandi*. Kicking and biting are also necessary means used in combat: I have seen several fingers that had been deformed, also several noses and ears, which have been mutilated by this canine mode of fighting.'

Nothing barbarous in all this, of course; we must confess, however, that this is one of the vices of the old world, and that gouging is as well understood in Lancashire as in the United States. For some other tracts of American character, the same apology, bad as it is, cannot be offered:—

'The river Ohio is considered the greatest thoroughfare of banditti in the Union. Here the thief, in addition to the cause of his flight, has only to steal a skiff, and sail down the river in the night. Horse-stealing is notorious in the western country, as are also escapes from prison. Jails are constructed of thin brick walls or of logs, fit only to detain the prisoner while he is satisfied with the treatment he receives, or while he is not apprehensive of ultimate danger. Runaway apprentices, slaves, and wives, are frequently advertised. I have heard several tavern-keepers complain of young men going off without paying for their board. This is not to be wondered at, where so many are continually moving in this extensive country, without property, without acquaintances, without introductory letters, and without the necessity of supporting moral character.

'Swearing, as I have repeatedly mentioned, is a most lamentable vice. If I am not mistaken, I have already heard more of it in America than twice the aggregate heard during the whole of my former life.

'A high degree of nationality is frequently to be observed, and encomiums on American bravery and intelligence poured forth by men who are not remarkable for the latter quality, and, who, by their ostentation, raise a doubt as to their possessing the former. Their conduct seems to be more disgusting to cultivated Americans than to Europeans.

'Here are multitudes of persons who have no accurate notions of decorous behaviour. This, no doubt, may arise partly from their ideas of the equality of men, without making due allowances for morals, manners, intellect, and education. Accustomed to mix with a diversity of company at taverns, elections, and other places of

public resort, they do not well brook to be excluded from private conversation. On such occasions they exclaim, "*this is a free country*," or a "*land of liberty*," adding a profane oath. They do not keep in view that one man has a natural right to hear, *only* what another is willing to tell him. Of late I have several times found, that when I had business to transact, a third party drew near to overhear it. Hired people, mixing with families and their visitors, have ample means of gaining a knowledge of other people's affairs. I shall relate a story which I have on good authority. A gentleman, in a state where slaves are kept, engaged some carpenters from a neighbouring free state to erect a barn. On the day of their first arrival they eat along with himself. On the second day the family took breakfast a little earlier than usual, and caused the table to be covered anew for the mechanics, previous to their coming in. They were so highly offended with this imaginary insult, that they went off without finishing their work. This little affair became so well known in the vicinity, that the gentleman could not procure other workmen for some time. This extension of liberty and equality is injurious, inasmuch as it prevents the virtuous part of society from separating from the vicious; and so far as it removes from the unprincipled and untutored part, the salutary incitement to rest character on good behaviour and intelligence, instead of citizenship, or an allusion to the *land of liberty*, or the favourite maxim that one man is as good as another.'

'The election of a magistrate is an affair that usually occasions a considerable sensation in a little town. The most respectable citizens naturally support the candidate that has the real interest of society at heart; and the more licentious are as naturally averse to promote the man who, they believe, would punish themselves. It is, therefore, the relative numerical strength of the two parties that frequently determines the character of a town judge. It is understood that in new towns by the Ohio, the unruly part most commonly prevail, and that as they advance in population and wealth, the more orderly people take the sway. A case has come under my notice, where the conduct of a squire was at variance with the practices of a large proportion of his constituents. He had resolved on exerting his power to suppress fighting, swearing, and breach of the Sabbath, and to exact the statutory penalties against the two last of these offences. On a Sabbath, soon after his election, a man carrying a gun and a wild duck, passed his door. He intimated his resolution of having the offender brought to justice; but the culprit gave him much abusive language, with profane swearing, and threatened to beat him for the interruption. The squire soon perceived that he was losing his popularity, and that his opposition to the will of the sovereign people was injuring his business, and for that

reason resigned his commission. In cases where the squire is supposed to be remiss in the execution of his duty, the people sometimes interfere extrajudicially. At this place, a tailor's shop was lately broke into by night, and a quantity of goods carried away. On the following day, a stranger and the lost property were discovered in an empty house adjoining. He was instantly carried before one of our magistrates. On being interrogated, he confessed being found in the house, but denied having any concern with the booty. The squire dismissed him. But the young men of the town, who had assembled to hear the examination, were too sensible of the strength of the presumptive circumstances of the case, and of the admitted act of housebreaking, in entering the uninhabited apartment, to allow him to escape with impunity. They caught him at the door, led him out behind the town, where they tied him to a tree, and put the cow-hide into the hand of a furious young man, who happened to be half intoxicated. The whipping was performed with such vigour, that the blood sprang in every direction. A gentleman of Cincinnati told me, that a few years ago the citizens of that place had found it expedient to punish in the most summary way; and that he had several times acted as presiding judge, in what was called a court of uncommon pleas. Whipping uniformly followed conviction. Cincinnati has now outgrown that stage of population that admits of this sort of jurisprudence, and is better regulated than certain large European cities.'

Mr. Flint gives an amusing, but, we suspect, a rather exaggerated account of a new methodist camp-meeting, which he attended, and remained on the spot for twenty-four hours. We shall, however, in conclusion, quote a portion of our author's description:—

'On approaching the scene of action, number of horses tied to fences and trees, and the travelling waggons standing in the environs, convinced me of the great magnitude of the assemblage. Immediately round the meeting a considerable number of tents were irregularly disposed. Some of them were *log cabins*, that seemed to have served several campaigns, but most of them constructed by poles, covered over with coarse tow cloth. These tents are for the accommodation of the people who attend the worship for several days, or for a week together. I had no sooner got a sight of the area within, than I was struck with surprise, my feet were for a moment involuntarily arrested, while I gazed on a preacher vociferating from a high rostrum, raised between two trees, and an agitated crowd immediately before him, that were *making* a loud noise and *the most singular gesticulations* which can be imagined. On advancing a few paces, I discovered that the turmoil was chiefly confined within a small inclosure of about thirty feet square, in front of the orator,

and that the ground occupied by the congregation was laid with felled trees for seats. A rail fence divided it into two parts, one for females, and the other for males. It was my misfortune to enter by the wrong side, and I was politely informed of the mistake by a Colonel P—, of my acquaintance, who, it appeared, had undertaken the duty of keeping the males apart from the females. The inclosure already mentioned was for the reception of those who undergo religious awakenings, and was filled by both sexes, who were exercising violently;—Shouting, screaming, clapping of hands, leaping, jerking, falling, and swooning. The preacher could not be distinctly heard, great as his exertions were; certainly, had it not been for his elevated position, his voice would have been entirely blended with the clamours below. Borrowing an idea from the Greek mythology, to have a distinct perception of sounds, poured from such a multitude of bellowing mouths, would require the ear of *Jove*. I had to content myself with such vociferations as *glory, glory, power, Jesus Christ*,—with “groans and woes unutterable.”

In the afternoon a short cessation was allowed for dinner, and those deeply affected were removed to tents and laid on the ground. This new arrangement made a striking change in the camp, the bustle being removed from the centre and distributed along the outskirts of the preaching ground. Separate tents, in which one or more persons were laid, were surrounded by females, who sung melodiously. In one instance, a tent was dismantled of its tow-cloth covering, which discovered a female almost motionless. After a *choir of girls* around her had sung for a few minutes, two men then stood over her, and simultaneously joined in prayer. One of them, gifted with a loud and clear voice, drowned the other totally, and actually prayed him down.

After dinner another orator took his place. The inclosure was again filled with the penitent, or *with others wishing to become so*, and a vast congregation arranged themselves on their seats in the rear. A most pathetic prayer was poured forth, and a profound silence reigned over all the camp, except the fenced inclosure, from whence a low hollow murmuring sound issued. You have seen a menagerie of wild animals on a journey, and have, perhaps, heard the king of beasts, and other powerful quadrupeds, excited to grumbling by the jolting of the waggon. Probably you will call this a rude simile; but it is the most accurate that I can think of. Sermon commenced. The preacher announced his determination of discontinuing his labours in this part of the world, and leaving his dear brethren for ever. He addressed the old men present, telling them that they and he must soon be removed from this mortal state of existence, and that the melancholy reflection arose in his mind,—“*what will become of the church when we are dead and gone?*”—A

loud response of groaning and howling was sounded by the aged in the inclosure, and throughout the congregation. He next noticed that he saw a multitude of young men before him, and, addressing himself to them, said, “I trust in *God*, that many of you will be *now* converted, and will become the *preachers* and the pious Christians of *after days*.”—The clamour now thickened, for young and old shouted together. Turning his eyes toward the female side of the fence, he continued, “and you, my dear sisters.”—What he had farther to say to the future “nursing mothers of the church,” could not be heard, for the burst of acclamation, on their part, completely prevented his voice from being heard, on which account he withdrew; and a tune was struck up and sung with grand enthusiasm. The worship now proceeded with a new energy; the prompter in the pulpit had succeeded in giving it an impulse, and the music was sufficient to preserve emotion. The inclosure was so much crowded that its inmates had not the liberty of lateral motion, but were literally hobbling *en masse*. My attention was particularly directed to a girl of about twelve years of age, who, while standing, could not be seen over her taller neighbour; but at every leap she was conspicuous above them. The velocity of every plunge made her long loose hair flirt up as if a handkerchief were held by one of its corners and twitched violently. Another female, who had arrived at womanhood, was so much overcome, that she was held up to the breeze by two persons who went to her relief. I never before saw such exhaustion. The vertebral column was completely pliant, her body, her neck, and her extended arms, bent in every direction successively.

About dusk, I retired several hundred yards into the woods, to enjoy the distant effect of the meeting. Female voices were mournfully predominant, and my imagination figured to me a multitude of mothers, widows, and sisters, giving the first vent to their grief, in bewailing the loss of a *male* population, by war, shipwreck, or some other great catastrophe.

Large fires of timber were kindled, which cast a new lustre on every object. The white tents gleamed in the glare. Over them the dusky woods formed a most romantic gloom; only the tall trunks of the front rank were distinctly visible, and these seemed so many members of a lofty colonnade. The illuminated camp lay on a declivity, and exposed a scene that suggested to my mind the moonlight gambols of beings known to us only through the fictions of credulous ages. The greatest turmoil prevailed within the fence, where the inmates were leaping and hobbling together with upward looks and extended arms. Most faces were turned inward to gaze on the grand exhibition, the rear ranks on the tip-toe, to see over those in front of them, and not a few mounted on the log-seats, to have a more commanding view of the show. People were con-

stantly passing out and into the ring in brisk motion, so that the white drapery of females and the darker apparel of the men were alternately vanishing and re-appearing in the *most elegant confusion*. The sublimity of the music served to give an enchanting effect to the whole. My mind involuntarily reverted to the leading feature of the tale of Alloway Kirk,—

“Warlocks and witches in a dance;”

“Where Tam o’Shanter—

—“Stood like ane bewitch’d,
And thought his very een enrich’d.”

Late in the evening, a man detached himself from the crowd, walked rapidly backward and forward, and crying aloud. His vociferations were of this kind: “I have been a great sinner, and was on the way to be damned; but am converted now, thank God—glory, glory!” He turned round on his heel occasionally, giving a loud whoop. A gentleman, with whom I am well acquainted, told me that he had a conversation with a female who had just recovered from the debility of the day. She could give no other account of her sensations than that she felt so good, that she could press her very enemy to her bosom.

At half-past two p. m. I got into a tent, stretched myself on the ground, and was soon lulled asleep by the music. About five I was awakened by the unceasing melody. At seven, preaching was resumed; and a lawyer, residing in the neighbourhood, gave a sermon of a legal character.

At nine, the meeting adjourned to breakfast. A multitude of small fires being previously struck up, an extensive cooking process commenced, and the smell of bacon tainted the air. I took this opportunity of reconnoitring the evacuated field.

Easter; or, a Manual, explanatory of the Latin Words and Phrases, &c. of the Church Service; with some Account of the Days and Seasons appointed to be observed. 12mo. pp. 90. London, 1822.

THIS is a very useful companion to the liturgy, and gives a clear and intelligible explanation of the vigils, festivals, saint days, &c., and, in short, of every thing connected with the church-service, and it is published at so low a price as to be within the reach of every one.

Original Communications.

THE MERMAID.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—In speaking of this marine phenomenon in a late number of your publication, you express your belief that every professional and every sensible man who had seen the mermaid, was satisfied that it was an imposture, if you excepted Dr. Rees Price, who had

surprised which he in which But, sir, statement numbers acquaint this curio I have subject, pronounc nine pr can be d tion. I, medical Dr. Price remarks of the a opinion less to which, has yet l It is heard n tion of t had the shape o should them, but the part, to gument To be every l not, or for the and ea the st conten the co substit do ver The debut that i specte opinio who h equal capab let th himse story. styles pan, tured fish, * M ing ca sured amine mente and t opinio nity o minat that t

surprised you very much, by an article which he had written on the subject, in which he considered it genuine.* But, sir, I believe you will find this statement to be somewhat incorrect; numbers of medical gentlemen of my acquaintance have carefully examined this curious animal, and every one that I have heard give an opinion on the subject, with a solitary exception*, has pronounced it to be an entire and genuine production of nature, as far as can be discerned by external investigation. I, too, Mr. Editor, am of the medical profession, and have perused Dr. Price's statement, but find that his remarks are confined to a *description* of the animal, without attempting an opinion of its being genuine, much less to raise a doubt of its fiction, for which, I believe, no substantial reason has yet been discovered.

It is true that we have read and heard much of the artificial composition of this newly-imported syren, and, had these accounts any thing in the shape of facts to bear them out, I should be one of the first to listen to them, being ever open to conviction; but these will be found, for the most part, to be bare assertions without argument, and prejudice without reason. To be sure, ninety-nine persons out of every hundred, upon an average, do not, or conceive they dare not, think for themselves in matters of this kind, and each will, at all times, glide down the stream of the popular tide very contentedly. For this large portion of the community, therefore, assertions substituted for reason and facts, may do very well.

The first anti-syrenian who made his *debut* in the public papers, assures us, that it is a composition, because he inspected it at Batavia, and formed that opinion from such *inspection*; others, who have inspected it in London, with equal discernment, are perhaps equally capable of forming an opinion. But let the learned gentleman speak for himself; let us hear him tell his own story. 'The composition (then, as he styles it, he says) was brought from Japan, where he *believes* it was manufactured, the lower part being like a real fish, with the head cut off, and replaced

* Meeting this gentleman shortly after having carefully examined the mermaid, he assured me it was an imposition; that he had examined it, and could perceive the arms cemented to the body with plaister of Paris; and this being diametrically opposite to the opinion I had formed, I took an early opportunity of making a second and more minute examination, when I was immediately convinced that this statement was unfounded.

by a skeleton, artificially composed and covered, with the arms and *skin* stripped from off the *bust* of an old Japanese woman.' Thus, Mr. Editor, according to this and several other subsequent writers, the mermaid now exhibiting in London must be a very great curiosity indeed, when we consider the discordant materials of which it is composed. For we have the skin stripped from off a *bust*; a salmon, a monkey, a baboon, an old Japanese woman, and a thousand other extraordinary and incompatible substances, which I do not at the present moment recollect. A wonderful animal these must form, certainly, if well put together.

Some of your cotemporaries do not pretend that Dr. Price stands alone in his opinion, but admit, 'that though medical men seem in general to regard this creature as a possible production of nature, no naturalist of any ability credits it, after five minutes observation. This (they say) may be perhaps accounted for, by their acquaintance with the parts of distinct animals, of which, it appears, the mermaid is composed.'

I know not to whom these gentlemen allude, but they have, it would appear, yet to learn that every surgeon is more or less a naturalist. Comparative anatomy (the anatomy of animals compared with that of the human subject) or the laws of animal economy and natural history forming part of the general scheme of his education, whilst every naturalist is not very well versed in these matters.

But, I believe, sir, Mr. Clift, who, from having long had the care of the museum of the late John Hunter, and for the last twenty years been conservator of the museum* of the College of Surgeons, and who is or *ought* to be one of the first naturalists in the kingdom, has affirmed that no external appearance whatever can be discovered to indicate a belief that it is a composition, though he cautiously abstained from pronouncing it genuine, unless he had an opportunity of seeing it opened, an event which I am happy to hear will shortly be allowed to take place.

Of the proprietors of the mermaid I know nothing, and care not three farthings whether it be a real or a fictitious animal. I merely look to the subject as a most important question of natu-

* This museum was principally collected by the late John Hunter, and purchased by Parliament, for the College of Surgeons, for 20,000*l*. It contains preparations of almost every known animal, &c.

ral history, and conceive the present a good opportunity to set it at rest; and should the foregoing observations call for the attention of the profession (who are alone capable of determining the fact), I shall consider the trouble I have taken in writing them not misapplied.

I have various observations to make with respect to the anatomical structure of this animal, and numerous facts to adduce of the existence of mermaids, but I have already made too great an inroad into your time and my own avocations, but will take an early opportunity to furnish you with them. In the mean time, your insertion of this letter in the next number of your excellent journal, will oblige your constant reader,

A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF SURGEONS.

London, 20th Nov. 1822.

Biography.

COUNT BERTHOLLET.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

CLAUDE LOUIS BERTHOLLET was born at Talloire, in Savoy, on the 9th of December, 1748. After obtaining the degree of Doctor of Medicine in the University of Turin, he went to Paris, where he pursued his profession with such distinction as to obtain the appointment of one of the physicians to the Duke of Orleans, grand-father to the present duke. The genius of Berthollet, however, led him to another pursuit, in which glory awaited him: chemistry, which had hitherto only been cultivated as a branch of medical study, became his sole occupation—his ruling passion. This science, the offspring of alchemy, was for many ages but an incoherent melange of errors, with some truths, which, however, were either doubtfully acknowledged, or pursued as a chimera. Simple substances and their compounds, little known, were erroneously or ridiculously denominated; and a total revolution in the knowledge and in the language of chemistry became necessary; fortunately, it fell into the hands of persons capable of undertaking and executing the task.

Happily for science, there was an association of young men devoted to the same studies, and united by ties of personal friendship, at the head of whom was Lavoisier, who possessed an ample fortune, which he devoted to scientific experiments. Fourcroy, whose elocution was at once brilliant and intelligible, and who popularised the most abstruse sciences in his lectures,

and Berthollet, whose genius and penetration could so well trace the results of science to their causes, were distinguished members of this scientific association. These three men, endowed with varied faculties and advantages, combined among them all the qualities necessary for creating or propagating a new doctrine. It was by these men that the empire of phlogiston, or the principle of inflammability, was overturned, and that pneumatic chemistry had its birth. In the project of a new nomenclature, they extended the principle, and published that chemical language which all Europe at the present day uses,—a language truly analytical and philosophic, in which the principal words are defined, in which the analogous compounds are classed under similar terminations, and in which the degrees of proportion are marked in the manner of the degrees of comparison in the Greek and Latin languages.

The scientific labours of M. Berthollet may be divided into two classes: the one comprises researches, experiments, and discoveries; the other his printed works. His chemical discoveries have been both numerous and important: his experiments on azote were soon followed by the analysis of ammoniac, and he determined with such precision the nature and the proportion of the elements of this alkali, that no additional discovery on the subject has since been made. In finding ammoniac in the produce of animal substances, he was led to discover the presence of azote in organic bodies, as a distinct character of animal life.

Scheele had published some curious observations on Prussic acid and on its various combinations useful to the arts, but they were isolated and incomplete. M. Berthollet supplied the deficiencies which his predecessor had left, and united the phenomena by a clear and natural explanation. The researches of Berthollet on the nature and combinations of hydrogen, with his discoveries on oxygenated muriatic acid, for the purpose of bleaching, formed one of the best contributions that science has made to industry. But it would much exceed our limits to enumerate all that Berthollet has done for chemistry. More anxious to extend the domain of science than to increase his own reputation, M. Berthollet's writings have not been in proportion to his labours; and thus many of his discoveries are unknown to the public, though the learned know and appreciate them.

The works that he has published separately are:—

1. Observations sur l'air, 1776.
2. Précis d'une théorie sur la nature de l'acier, sur ses préparations, etc., 1789,
3. Elémens de l'art de la teinture, 1791, un vol. in 8vo, et 1804, 2 vol.
4. Description du blanchiment des toiles, 1795.
5. Recherches sur les lois de l'affinité, 1801.
6. Essai de statique chimique, 1803, 2 vol. in 8vo.

He also published a translation of Kirwan's Essay on Phlogiston, accompanied with notes, in which, in company with Lavoisier, Guyton, and others, he disputed most of the principles of the English chemist. He also enriched with notes and an excellent preliminary dissertation the French translation of Thornton's System of Chemistry.

After enumerating the works of M. Berthollet and giving a hasty view of some of the principal of his scientific labours, it may be necessary to mention the distinctions, honours, and employments they procured him. In 1780, he was admitted a member of the Academy of Sciences. In 1792, he was nominated a member of the Committee on the Coinage. In 1794, he became a member of the Committee of Agriculture and the Arts. About the same time, he was made professor of chemistry in the Polytechnic School. In 1795, when the French Institute was founded, his name was inscribed first on the list of learned members. In 1796, he was sent into Italy by the Directory, to select such objects of art and science as were to be transferred to Paris. In this duty he had for his colleague the celebrated Monge, who was long his friend and coadjutor. It was impossible to confide the task to more upright or more able hands.

Bonaparte, who had the opportunity of appreciating their labours and talents on this occasion, took them with him in his expedition to Egypt. They employed all the resources of their genius with the utmost zeal to procure for an army separated from its country by the ocean of which England was the mistress, whatever was necessary for the soldier, or might contribute to the success of the war.

When Bonaparte brought Berthollet and Monge back to France, and he became first consul, he appointed them members of the Conservative Senate, and afterwards conferred other honours upon them. In 1814, Berthollet was nominated a member of the Chamber of Peers by the King, and not taking

his seat in the Chamber created by Bonaparte on his return from Elba, he preserved his right and dignity on the second restoration of Louis XVIII.

Soon after his return from Egypt, M. Berthollet fixed his domicile at the village of Arceuil, where he collected around him a body of scientific students, who profited by his experiments and discoveries. It was here that he wrote his best work, *Statique Chimique*, of which he had conceived the idea and laid the basis when in Egypt.

In private life, M. Berthollet was most amiable: regardless of money or of honours, he considered his whole life as devoted to science, and never lost sight of any opportunity in which he might promote its interests. He had an ardent love of literature, and appreciated the merits of a work with singular precision and discernment. The theatre was one of the passions of his youth, and continued to be his most favourite amusement in old age.

The death of Berthollet was very sudden: a fever carried him off in three days. No loss could excite more lovely, sincere, and universal regret. Those least affected by it saw with grief his honoured name disappear from the same list on which death had so recently effaced the celebrated names of Haüy and Delambre.

THE NORTH-WEST EXPEDITION.

ALTHOUGH so long a time has elapsed since any direct information was received from Capt. Parry and his enterprising fellow voyagers, yet there is no cause of fear as to the personal safety of the crews, whatever doubts may be entertained as to the success of the expedition. Every precaution that prudence could suggest, or ingenuity devise, was taken previous to the sailing of the expedition, as will be seen by the following particulars of the manner in which the two discovery ships, *Fury* and *Hecla*, were fitted up and provided.

The *Fury*, of 378 tons, was commanded by Capt. Wm. Edward Parry; the *Hecla*, of 375 tons, by Capt. Geo. Francis Lyon. The ships are nearly as possible of the same dimensions; and each carried a thirteen-inch mortar at the battle of Algiers. Each ship has five whale boats and a launch, five large, and four small anchors, besides ice anchors, five hempen and two chain cables, saws for the ice, &c. The *Fury* has two 24-pounders, two six-pounders, and two brass swivels on carriages. The *Hecla* has two 24-pounders, and two six-pounders:—

Provisions for three years, alike in each ship:
Bread, 33,000 lbs.
Flour, 44,000 lbs.

Preserve
Vegetab
Gravy s
Suet, 1,
Pork, 4,
Dried co
Port wi
Rum, 4,
Brandy,
Peas, 13
Rice, 1,
Sugar, 1
Cocoa, 4
Tea, [N
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stock
Pickles,
Cranber
Lemons
Lemon
Vinegar
Essence
conta
yeast
Essence
Molasse
Potatoe
Candle
Do
Do
Herbs
Celery
Raisin
Scotch
Oatme
Carrot
Marme
Coals,
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Preserved meat, hermetically sealed, 19,000 lbs.
 Vegetable soup, 4,800 quarts.
 Gravy soup, 4,800 quarts.
 Suet, 1,200 lbs.
 Pork, 4,680 pieces, of 4lbs. each.
 Dried cod fish, 4cwt.
 Port wine, 300 gallons.
 Rum, 4,000 gallons.
 Brandy, 100 gallons.
 Peas, 150 bushels.
 Rice, 1,000 lbs.
 Sugar, 12,000 lbs.
 Cocoa, 3,500 lbs.
 Tea, [None allowed by Government except for the sick. The gun room mess takes 230 lbs. the midshipmen's mess 158 lbs. as private stock]
 Pickles, 600 gallons.
 Cranberries, 60 gallons.
 Lemons, 1 case.
 Lemon juice, 4,500 lbs.
 Vinegar concentrated, 600 gallons.
 Essence of malt and hops, 120 canisters, each containing a sufficient quantity of prepared yeast to brew 36 gallons of brown stout.
 Essence of spruce, 144 bottles.
 Molasses, 1,200 lbs.
 Potatoes, 5 tons.
 Candles, moulds, 2,016 lbs. of six to the lb.
 Do. dips, 504 lbs. of 12 to the lb.
 Do. cutts. 1,512 lbs. of 20 to the lb.
 Herbs dried, 600 lbs.
 Celery seed, 600 lbs.
 Raisins, 112 lbs.
 Scotch barley, only for the sick.
 Oatmeal, 6 Gallons.
 Carrots and parsnips.
 Marmelade or concentrated lemons.
 Coals, 115 chaldrons.

The officers take out as private stock considerable quantities of essences, spices, wines, &c. &c.

The Nautilus transport, of about 400 tons burthen, accompanied them to the beginning of the ice in Hudson's Straights, having lightened them of some of their stores so far, and carried ten chaldrons of coals additional for each ship, with twenty-five live bullocks as a general stock, besides a great number of sheep, hogs, &c. which they all killed as soon as delivered, and hung round the ships to freeze, as frozen meat will never putrify.

Each ship is strongly cased with iron on the bows to resist the ice. Between the chain plates and the sides is filled up flush with wood to prevent the lodgment of the ice, and a double band of strong timber, eighteen inches thick, goes all round the water-line, to ward the ice off from the sides—this is an addition to the original thickness of the ships' sides.

The fore and main masts are each fitted exactly alike, in spars, sails, and rigging; the mizen is barque rigged; the decks are diagonally laid: the bulwarks about five feet six inches high, and strong davids for the whale boats, the same as the regular Greenland fishing vessels. The discovery ships are not coppered, as the copper tears off by the friction of the ice, collects weeds and other impediments, and also impedes the sailing. Inside the bows they have four and a half feet additional thickness of solid timber, to withstand the shocks of the ice when it comes direct

head on. As much as possible of iron work has been abolished, particularly abaft, and copper substituted; even the strongest bindings and fastenings are made of copper, by which it is found that the compass is considerably less affected.

Each ship is completely lined round the inside, and under the deck between the beams, with three inches thick of the best cork closely and neatly fitted, to assist in retaining the heat and repelling the intense cold. The cabin and sky-light windows are all double, those of the cabin being six inches apart, and between which there are dead lights of cork of that thickness, which, as well as the outward stern falls, are closely caulked in when required against the severity of the frost.—Lights into all other births are of strong patent glass reflectors, and the remaining thickness of the deck has tampions of cork at least eight inches thick, which closely fill up the holes, and are fastened by strong slides.

Each ship is fitted up with a hot-air apparatus, which has a communicating duct (that can be opened or shut at pleasure) into every one of the officers' cabins, as well as right down the middle of the ship forward between the seamen's births (cots) toward the galley (the place for cooking, &c.), and which also can be regulated at pleasure even to the highest temperature. The cooking fire-place, in the galley, has large snow melting boilers, to afford sufficient supplies of fresh water, ovens, &c. &c. All this, and the warm-air furnace, when in full use, do not consume more than three bushels of coals per day.

Each ship, besides the usual allowance of sea muskets, is furnished with three fowling pieces (double barrelled) of the value of 35l. each, and also eight excellent rifles. Each man is provided with wolf-skin blankets, two sets of boots made of thick woollen cloth called *fear-naught*, with cork and leather soles sewed together, the leather lowest; also complete trowsers and body suits of the same kind of warm clothing, with hoods, and gloves without the fingers being divided.

Every arrangement and consideration is made to contribute towards the amusement as well as the health of the men, during the inactive times of their being frozen in. Powder and shot, organs for them to dance to, and a set of six drop scenes, eleven feet high and eighteen wide, with two changes of side wings, to form a capital and elegant little theatre, which is erected on the upper deck, and which is entirely housed in with a tarpauling, and warmed by the flues from below, which was before but very badly done by red-hot shot. The plays are performed once a fortnight, and the officers are the actors, who are provided with a very extensive and well selected wardrobe; the crews of both ships compose the audience. The theatre is on board the Fury, and concerts were to take place in the alternate weeks in the Hecla; many of the officers being excellent musicians. The

theatre and wardrobe are at the expense of the officers.

The most ample supply of every kind of philosophical apparatus, &c. is furnished by Government, besides a temporary moveable observatory, and every possible convenience to assist their observations and reckonings.

All sorts of toys, looking glasses, knives, scissars, and every thing which may be serviceable and acceptable as presents, or useful as barter, for the natives of such islands and countries where they may touch, have been most liberally provided.

The complement of officers and men in each ship is 58, who all receive double pay. Captain Parry has, in the Fury, an astronomer, who also acts as chaplain, and his servant, who make the total in that vessel, 60.

By letters from Captain Parry and Captain Lyon, dated Hudson's Straits, 16th July, 1821, they had very rough weather from the Orkneys to Hudson's Straits, and though deeply and heavily laden, both vessels proved remarkably lively sea boats, and, for that class and description of shipping, most excellent sailers. Captain Parry stated that their trim was so even as to make their sailing almost equal.

Captain Franklin, who recently returned from the North West Land Expedition, entertains no fear of the safety of Captain Parry's expedition, and even thinks it probable, that he may penetrate further than he did in his last successful voyage.

Captain Parry sailed from the Nore, on Tuesday, the 9th of May, 1821.

Original Poetry.

THE RHAPSODIST.

MORNING.

Do I yet press ye, O rushes?—though the light
 From yonder orient point, bursts in full dawn?
 Daughter of mists! fair Morning, thou dost blush
 To find me yet unrisen. Lift up thy veil,
 Lift up thy dewy veil, Goddess of Prime!
 And smile with all thy luxury of light.
 Breathe me a kiss, an earthly lover's kiss,
 Such as thou gav'st the hunter-boy; and pour
 The perfume of thy sighs around my bed.
 This is the hour for rhapsody. Arise!
 Thou slumbering son of song, and mount the
 hill.

A light thin mist hangs o'er the tumbling sea,
 Hiding some grand commotion. Look! oh, look!
 Theredd'ning, foaming, thund'ring ocean swells
 With its up-springing birth. Wind, burst the
 cloud!

That the dread King of Glory may look forth!
 He comes! he comes! the purple-flowing waves
 Spread him a gorgeous carpet. Hail, O Sun!
 Thou who dost shower thy golden benefits
 More liberal than all earth's mightiest kings!
 Thou who dost fling exuberant wealth around,
 And of thy rich profusion prodigal,
 Scatterest superfluous bounty o'er the world!
 O thou ascending wonder! thou great type
 Of thy still greater cause! thou symbol star
 Of intellectual brightness infinite!
 How does the eye of rapture flow with joy,
 As the hills brighten, and the valleys dim
 Tinge their dark verdure with thy matin ray!

My soul expands like thy magnificence,
As I beheld thee rise.—This is the time,
When the heart pants with overteeming life,
To range the blooming lawns. The dewy glade,
The tender-vested slope, the mossy bank,
The rush-bosomed dell, are now the haunt
Of the fond rhapsodist. The foot of ecstasy,
The light winged foot of ecstasy springs o'er,
Nor crushes the half-wakened flowers; they
think

It but the passing sigh of morn that bows them,
Sweeping the woodland with its softsweet wing.
Gems of my meek ambition! let me catch
The lustre of thy radiance fresh with dew.
Waken, O rose! O, fragrant-breasted rose!
Thou ever-blushing maiden of the field!

Are thy love dreams so sweet thou fear'st to
wake?—

Ah! thou young shrewd-one! thou dost keep
thy breast

Close, for yon travelling bee, whose sylvan hum
Taket h thine amorous ear. Thou smilest—ay—

But blush still deeper as you smile. Farewell.
O, thou lone blue-bell! sleeping in thy nook

Under the cliff, sleeping the morn away!—
Look from thine eyrie, darling of the rock!

Look at thy sister-bud, the mountain-queen,
Turning her little treasure to the sun,

Glistening and gay with dew. Hast thou no
charms

In that sweet breast, that pale-blue breast of
thine?—

Ope thee, fair floweret.—Delicate girl of the
bank!

Pale primrose, where art thou? Just wakening!
Thine eye half-closed, and thy all beauteous
—head

Still dropt upon thy bosom. O, look up!
The waning moon her chrystal light retires,

And the red blazonry of morn begins.
The laughing plains, the yellow-coated hills,

The flashing torrent, and the sun-bright lake,
The plummy forest fluttering all in sheen,

Lie like a landscape wash'd with swimming
gold.

Thou that believ'st, unprofitably wise,
This but the waking vision of my soul,

This but the rhapsodist's bewildered dream,—
View thou the morning-dawn,—and doubt no
more!

D.

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing, at Drury Lane and Covent Garden,
a Melo-drama, called 'The Two GALLEY
SLAVES;' and in reference to the respective
Managers.

'MAN's but a child of larger growth.'—
So sages say; and by my troth,

So think these cunning knaves:
Who fain would hint, as I suppose,

That to provide us raree-shows,
They toil like GALLEY SLAVES.

SAGUS.

IMPROMPTU.

TO —.

'We are both young.'—

O TELL me, dearest, why are we too young,
To feel love's soft emotion?

Or why too young to have a notion
Of that which poets oft have sung.

Old age is not a time for courting.

The sunshine of youth is flitting fast—

I would the bridal day were past,
That no parents might our love be thwarting.

R. H.

On the reported Severity of MISS TREE towards
a host of Suitors.

'OBSERVE, my friend, yon youthful dame;—

Then tell me by what fancied name

She should distinguished be?"

'By some sweet flower: but if to ill

She's prone, or by a breath would kill,

Call her the UPAS TREE.' FLORAMOUR.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Last Wednesday was a red-letter day in the modern history of the drama, a day of triumph for all its advocates and admirers. Our readers will, perhaps, recollect that we have always contended against the assumption that the public taste had become vitiated, and that spectacle was more attractive than the legitimate drama; we have always considered this assertion as a gross and impudent libel on the public, and have treated it as such. The excellent company now assembled at this theatre have supported us; and the audience of Wednesday night was 'confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ.' We, last week, announced that Mr. Kean and Mr. Young were to appear together, and since this was made known, the most intense interest was excited in the public; it, therefore, was not with much surprise, that, on going to the theatre long before the rising of the curtain, we found every seat in the house, save those that had been engaged, fully occupied; the pit and galleries had been filled at a single rush; and, long before the commencement of the play, every tier of boxes—and even the slips—were literally crammed. The scene was truly gratifying, for it was no idle cause had brought so goodly a company; it was an intellectual banquet, of which they longed to participate. It was not merely to see the two principal tragedians of the day appear on the same stage, but there were the representatives of two different schools of acting—not to be brought in competition, but in contact with each other. Young is a disciple of the Kemble school; there is a marked correctness in his acting, regardless of any attempt to produce effect, save by the gradual development of talent. In Kean we see all the distinguishing features of Cooke's acting; all those sudden bursts of feeling, all that attention to seize on particular points which generally create an impression, and often astonish an audience. The play was *Othello*, and, before we notice the performance, we cannot but express our gratification that

Mr. Young should undertake a character on which he never prided himself, and which may be considered as second; but of this we are assured, that such is the good nature of Kean, such his conciliatory disposition, that he would, if deemed necessary, exchange parts with Mr. Young in this play, or in any other (and we look forward to many) in which they may appear together. We have heard much of parties—of the advocates of Kean and the advocates of Young—no doubt but such might be in the theatre; if so, all party-feeling was forgotten, and both these heroes were hailed on their entrée with one universal and joyous greeting. Of Kean's *Othello* we have spoken so often and so warmly, that though it never can be praised too much, yet we could but vary our tribute of approbation, not increase it. Much and often as we have admired him, we never saw him to greater advantage; the presence of an actor worthy of him seemed to give him new energy; every scene in which he was wont to shine, possessed its usual merit; and he elicited a thousand beauties which we had hitherto overlooked: his speech to the senators was admirably delivered,—the modest dignity with which he related the dangers he had passed, and detailed his whole course of love, must have prepossessed any tribunal in his behalf. In the great scene in which Iago works upon him, the operation of the subtle poison might be seen working in his whole frame, driving him from doubt and suspicion to jealousy and madness. In every passage he had to deliver, he produced effect; but that celebrated one, 'Farewell the tranquil mind,' he delivered in a manner which went to every heart. 'Content,' the 'plumed troop,' the 'big wars that make ambition virtue,' the 'shrill trump,' the 'spirit-stirring drum,' the 'royal banner,' and the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,' seemed to flit before his imagination to remind him that 'Othello's occupation's gone.' His 'farewell' was electric, and there was not, perhaps, a single person who heard it that did not lament the sad picture of fallen greatness, which the actor presented. In all the scenes of tenderness, he seemed affection's self; and showed what struggles that heart must have undergone before it could loath the being it so fondly loved. When his passion for revenge had been gratified, though not appeased, by the murder of Desdemona, and the once endeared name of wife came to his recollection,

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Mr. Y
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or three
Macready
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all his former love seemed to return with that line, 'My wife! My wife! What wife? I have no wife!' and shewed that his grief was indeed insupportable. But why do we dwell on isolated points, where all approached so near perfection?

Mr. Young's Iago is not so familiar to the public as Kean's Othello, though it will be remembered that, some two or three years ago, he played it to Macready's Othello; but it did not then strike us as being so masterly a performance as it really is. Of all the characters in the wide range of the drama, there is not perhaps one more difficult than that of Iago, who is not what he seems, but has to clothe the most deliberate villainy with a semblance of honesty. Most performers mistake the character, and actually so little conceal their purpose, that if the word villain were written on their forehead, it could not be more obvious, and we feel astonished that Othello could, for a moment, trust so palpable a knave. It was not so with Young, whose garb of honest affection for Othello befitted him so well, that he could not be suspected of deceit. It was not, however, merely in the skill that Iago displayed in effecting his dreadful purpose that we only had to admire him: in the lighter scenes he was equally successful, and we never saw any actor make so much of the third scene in the first act, when he counsels Roderigo how to gain his purpose, and urges him to put money in his purse. In the great scene in the third act, where he commences his attack on the honour of Desdemona, by making Othello suspect her, he displayed such a firmness of purpose, with such appearance of candour and ingenuousness, such art in turning every circumstance to advantage, and following up every impression that he made on the heart of the generous Moor by some new attack, accompanied by protestations of honesty and reluctance, that he fairly divided the honours with Kean, and we knew not which to admire most. In the scene where Emilia tells him she has got the handkerchief—he did not treat her with that rudeness which we have often witnessed, but with that indifference which a heart set on one sole object, might seem to feel for every other circumstance. We will not lengthen our notice by alluding to the clearness and correctness of delivery of every passage assigned to him, for Mr. Young does this always; his Iago possessed much higher claims to approbation, and, as a whole per-

formance, may justly be ranked with Kean's Othello. Mrs. West was the 'gentle Desdemona,' and was all virtue, affection, and tenderness. Mrs. Glover's Emilia was very good, as was Penley's Roderigo. Terry's Cassio had good points in it; but, though he is a young man, he cannot seem so on the stage. Powell's Brabantio was good, and the other characters were well enough filled, that of the Duke of Venice excepted. Pope should have had the character. The applause throughout was enthusiastic, and the announcement of the tragedy for Monday, was hailed with loud cheers.

What attractions Mr. Elliston presents in tragedy we have already stated; he seems, however, to think that in catering for the public gratification, nothing is done while any thing remains undone. In comedy, the company is as powerful as in tragedy, and in opera it will soon be as strong as in either of them. On Saturday, a new *debutante* made her appearance in the character of Rosetta, in *Love in a Village*. This was Mrs. Austin, from the Dublin Theatre; we have not, at present, room to enter into particulars, but can only say, that to an elegant figure, a fine animated countenance, and a voice of extensive power and great sweetness, she adds considerable talents as an actress, and that her reception was decidedly successful. Braham's Hawthorn, Horn's Young Meadows, Downton's Justice Woodcock, Knight's Hodge, and Miss Copeland's Madge, were all excellent; and the opera was repeated on Thursday night with increased effect.

The petit comedy, written by Mr. Colman, which is getting up at Drury Lane for the purpose of introducing little Clara Fisher, is to be called *Youthful Metamorphoses*.

COVENT GARDEN.—The promised opera has not yet appeared; *Romeo and Juliet* continues attractive, and there is no other circumstance this week worthy of notice.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—In our last *Chronicle* we noticed a new melodrama that had been produced at Paris, called *The Diligence Attacked*; we were not at that time aware that Mr. Charles Dibdin, who first heard of it on Tuesday, had actually written a piece on the subject, got new scenery painted, and produced it on Monday night. We have to add, too, that there are no marks of haste about it, but that it is an excellent piece, and worth all the Toms and Jerrys in town.

Literature and Science.

New Printing Press.—'An apparatus for printing has just been invented, on principles of extraordinary ingenuity. The first part of the operation is the casting the types in a machine, which, though simple in its structure, gives a variety of motions, by which the types are founded, finished, and distributed in order, in the cases ready for the compositor. The second part of the apparatus is a machine for composing or collecting the individual types together into words, lines, and sentences; which is effected by jacks and keys, to be played upon in the manner of a harpsichord. The third is a printing press, the principles of which are very different from that above alluded to, but equally good and more expeditious. After the types in the form have given the desired number of impressions, they are returned to the melting pot, recast, and distributed mechanically; which is more expeditiously performed than by the old process of the form, and distributing the letters by hand. The whole of the mechanism is worked with perfect ease, by manual labour. A Mr. Crutch is the inventor.'—The editor of the *Tyne Mercury*, after copying the above paragraph, adds, 'We happen to know that the part of this invention which relates to setting up the types in the manner of playing on a harpsichord, was contemplated and nearly completed many years ago. We believe that serious misfortunes in trade alone, prevented the inventor from bringing the invention into general practice; we cannot but think, however, that the idea of recasting types whenever they are used is extremely ridiculous.'

Wheat straw may be melted into colourless glass with a blow-pipe, without any addition. Barley straw melts into glass of a yellow topaz colour.

The medical qualities of pulverized charcoal are daily developing themselves. In addition to its value in bilious cases, two ounces of charcoal boiled in a pint of new milk, and taken by adults in doses of a wine glass full every two hours in cases of dysentery, will effect a cure.

Coal Gas and Oil Gas.—The subject of the comparative advantages of oil gas and coal gas has, of late, occupied a considerable portion of the public attention. We observe, by a Bristol paper, that the gas-light company there have challenged the promoters of the oil scheme, to prove their assertion,

that 'one foot of oil gas is nearly equivalent to four feet of coal gas;' but the challenge has not been accepted. The company assert, as the result of a series of experiments, that *one foot of oil gas is equal to two feet of coal gas*, and no more; with which the experiments of Mr. Brande, Chemical Lecturer at the Royal Institution, and those also of Mr. Creighton, of Glasgow, perfectly agree. The latter authority also shows, that oil gas would be the more expensive to the public, as the quantity of light from coal which would cost 2d. could not be rendered from oil for less than 4d.

The Bee.

A lady with a well plumed head-dress, being in deep conversation with a distinguished naval officer, one of the company said, 'it was strange to see so fine a woman, "tar'd and feathered."'

Yorkshire Bites.—A shopkeeper at Doncaster, had, for his virtues, obtained the name of *the Little Rascal*. A stranger asked him why this appellation was given him? 'To distinguish me from the rest of my trade,' quoth he, 'who are all *Great Rascals*.'

Economy.—A gentleman, who had remarked how magnificently a friend of his lived upon a small income, observed, that with such slender means, to make so respectable a figure was much to his credit. 'Yes,' replied a gentleman, 'and to the credit of all his tradesmen.'

Horace Walpole, writing from Italy to Mr. Conway, gives the following account of some relics exhibited, in a small hovel of Capucius, at Radicotani, which were brought from Jerusalem by the king. 'Among other things of great sanctity,' says he, 'there is a set of gnashing of teeth, the grinders very entire, a bit of the worm that never dies preserved in spirits; a crow of St. Peter's cock, very useful against Easter; the crisping and curling, frizzing and frowning of Mary Magdalen, which she cut off on growing devout. The good man that shewed us all these commodities, was got into such a train, calling them the blessed this, and the blessed that, that, at last, he showed us a bit of the *blessed* fig-tree that Christ cursed.'

In Dorsetshire there was formerly a monthly meeting of the clergy of the county, who thus kept up a spirit of harmony and friendship. At these meetings, the Rev. Mr. Pitt was a constant attendant; he was an excellent

scholar, a sound divine, a social companion, and a friendly neighbour, but his talent for preaching, which was not very great, was much injured by the badness of his voice. His coachman, a simple country fellow, with some other servants, who, like him, were attendant on their masters on these occasions, began to discuss what object could bring so many parsons thus frequently together? 'Why, to exchange sermons to be sure,' said a ready-witted fellow, who happened to be one of the company. 'Then,' said Mr. Pitt's coachman very innocently, 'I'm sure they cheat my master, for he never gets a good one; and if he would be rul'd by a fool, he would never swap sermons with them again.'

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

Sketches, No. V., Americana, and 'A Live Centaur,' in our next.

S. K. is not forgotten.

We should like to have a sketch of the 'Peregrinations of Peregrine,' before we print his introductory letter.

Calomel is too coarse in his remarks.

J. Y's. Letter is an advertisement.

'Friendship' in our next.

The 'Coward' has been received, and shall have early insertion.

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